

The Tragedy of Hamlet

If it be so, as so tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely
As it behooues my daughter and your honor,
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth.

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girle,
Vnsifted in such perrilous circumstance,
Doe you belieue his tenders, as you call them?

Ophe. I doe not know my Lord what I should thinke.

Pol. Marry I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie,
That you haue tane these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling: tender your selfe more dearly
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phraze)
Wrong it thus, youle tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue
In honorable fashion.

Pol. I, fashion you may call it, go to, go to.

Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his speech
My Lord, with almost all the holy vowes of heauen.

Pol. I, springs to catch wood-cocks, I doe know
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the soule
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter
Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both
Euen in their promise, as it is a making
You must not tak't for fire: from this time
Be some-thing scanter of your maiden presence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a command to parle; for Lord Hamlet,
Belieue so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tender may he walke
Then may be giuen you: in few *Ophelia*,
Doe not belieue his vowes, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their inuestments show
But meere implorators of vnholly suites,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds
The better to beguile: this is for all,
I would not in plaine termes from this time forth

Prince of Denmarke.

Haue you so slaunder any moments leasure
As to giue words or talke with the Lord Hamlet,
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.

Ophe. I shall obey my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites shroudly, it is very colde.

Hora. It is nipping, and an eager ayre.

Ham. What hour now?

Hora. I thinke it lackes of twelue.

Mar. No, it is strooke

Hora. Indeede; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season.
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke *A Flourish of trumpets and 2. peeces goes off.*
What does this meane my Lord?

Ham. The King doth walke to night and takes his rowle,
Keepes wassell and the swagging vp-spring reeles:
And as he drains his drafts of Rennish downe,
The kettle drumme and trumpet, thus Bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hora. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry ist,
But to my mind, though I am natiue heere
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance.
This heauy-headed reuelle East and West
Makes vs tradu'cd and taxed of other Nations,
They clip vs drunkards and with swinish phraze
Soyle our addition, and indeed it takes
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marow of our attribute,
So oft it chanches in particuler men,
That for some vitious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
(Sinc nature cannot choose his origen)
By their ore-grow'th of some complexion
Oft breaking downe the Pales and Forts of reason,
Or by some habite that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plausiue manners, that these men
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect